

## Assassin

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## Assassin

by [Mystic\\_Gardinz](#)

### Summary

Dream, an assassin, is tasked to kidnap George, the son of a billionaire, for a large sum of money. Things don't go exactly as planned, but adventure makes it worth while, right?

(Dreamnotfound ship is implied during this story, but it might not become a directly stated part of the story)

# Chapter 1

A mask. It was all they saw of him.

Only a few people that ever saw that same mask ever made it out alive. Those people were either the bodyguards or bystanders though.

The man behind the mask, as depicted on the news, was a relentless killer known as Dream, who has only ever been seen wearing a mask with a perfectly symmetrical smiley face on it. Many theorists speculate that this killer was a part of a clan that could be found all over the world with all different types of people.

This clan goes by many names, the most common one being ABSCO. Again, there are a lot of theories going around about this name like, “Could it be the name of the woman who started this clan?” or, “Is it some sort of acronym?” and tons of other things like that. No one really knows except the people in this clan like Dream. The truth wasn’t as big of a deal compared to what the press thought about it. It was more of a symbolic thing that represents moving on past this life. There were also a few more secrets yet to be uncovered by the press which are a bit more... unsettling, as Dream’s mother liked to phrase it.

Dream, after the passing of his mother, became an assassin and began to travel the world looking for jobs as do most of the members of the tribe do once the closest members of their family all have passed. Since Dream didn’t have any siblings, he had started this life for himself early. At first it was tough for him to find small time jobs and even the jobs he found weren’t even enough for him to have a roof for him to sleep under. After about a few years or so his luck turned around and it was uncommon for people to not recognize his name or iconic name. Then getting jobs wasn’t an issue anymore. He was able to move around quicker with no detection due to his sponsors and would never get caught because of his skill. He went from going after people that started petty fights to being recruited to take out billionaire’s.

Speaking of billionaire’s, his next target is one (or is at least the son of one). Many people have tried to go after him, but none have succeeded thus far. At this point the bounty on him was over 10 million U.S. dollars. With that type of money Dream could retire from his job or even use some of that money to give to the parents of the Absco clan or maybe even settle down and start a family or- he could easily daydream about what he could do with that money all day long, but it wouldn’t get him any closer to actually getting it. The only issue is that they need the target alive for a ransom. Dream usually only assassinated people so taking them hostage might be a bit of an issue, but he was up to the challenge.

The target was a young adult named George Notfound. He is supposed to go to America for some sort of business trip as a representative for his father’s company. The goal for Dream was to kidnap

George, travel back to the U.K., and hand him over to his sponsor. Since the bounty on him was so high there most definitely would be more people trying to kidnap him or kill him during this trip as well which again, might be a bit of an issue. Luckily, Dream had information they didn't.

George's family has a summer home close to the place that the business meeting will eventually take place, but that would be way too obvious. George's father is a smart guy so he definitely wouldn't send his son to the most obvious location. Dream, through his own calculations and a little help from someone who worked with his sponsor, was able to pinpoint a newly renovated hotel to which he thinks George might be.

"This is definitely the place" Dream thought as he began to sneakily run across several balconies and modern looking buttresses until he found the one room that he predicted George would be staying in. "Bingo"

Before going in he made sure he knew where all of his weapons and backup resources were. It had only taken a few minutes since he couldn't really carry much in his fairly thin assassins clothing that his sponsor insisted he wear. He didn't want to wear it but the material was lightweight and it's not like he had anything better to wear. It also blended into the hotel colors and so the only thing that would give him away is his mask.

The sun was about to set so George was either already in his room or going to go in his room soon. Dream figured that he wasn't already in his hotel room so he carefully broke the lock on the window and slid it open. Now all he had to do was wait for his target to enter the room. He decided to look around for a little bit to confirm that it was the right guy. It wasn't that difficult to confirm that this was in fact the room George was staying in since for whatever reason he left his Visa on the hotel room's dresser. It was quite a dumb move which made Dream even more confident about being able to fulfill the job.

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Notes

#### Warnings:

There will be some swearing, mention of anxiety, slight mention of death, and a character will have some trouble breathing.

Nothing to major though.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Before even finding a place to hide for when his target would get back, he decided to look through George's things. I mean, he was going to kidnap him anyways so why should he care about respecting his personal belongings?

Dream first picked up George's Visa and inspected it carefully. Dream had never seen a Visa so he looked carefully at it, gathering *information*. Well, not per se gathering information, but he looked at it with so many questions in his head like, "Why the fuck is it so colorful?" and "This guy looks too young to be already working as the second in power at the Notfound company." He looked at the date of which George was born and it was surprisingly a bit older than the age Dream was.

He continued to dither around the room, wondering if he should look through the drawers or suitcase next when he heard someone try to open the hotel room door. He then heard a muffled British accent ask, "Where are my keys?" Dream took this opportunity and approached the door. He surveyed his options quickly and decided that the best course of action would be to lock the chain on the door. He then looked around the room and silently walked over to the dresser before carefully opening it and squeezing into it. He had to admit that it was quite challenging, but he managed.

After about two minutes of waiting, Dream became impatient and sighed to himself. At the same time the door finally opened a little bit before the door chain stopped it. The target groaned and after half a minute was able to get past the door chain.

George had just come back from an important meeting discussing the stock of the company and he'd be lying if he said he knew what was going on. He mainly stayed quiet and only answered questions directed towards him. George never really wanted to be the heir of his Dad's company. In fact, he was planning on studying coding and playing video games for the rest of his life, but his dad told him that he should simply leave those dreams behind. For George, his future seemed so boring. Little did he know it was about to get a whole lot more fascinating.

He threw his briefcase on the ground and immediately started to strip. Surprisingly, underneath his business attire, he was wearing a blue supreme shirt and comfortable looking navy blue jeggings. He also threw his clothes that he had just taken off in the corner and plopped himself onto the room's bed. He felt relieved as soon as the bare skin of his arm hit the cold, welcoming sheets. The British billionaire then reached for his phone to unlock it.

He decided the best way to optimize the rest of his day was to scroll through twitter for hours before taking a shower and going to bed, but that plan changed suddenly.

Within a few seconds his face went ghostly pale when looking at a notification phone on his phone

that had been there for less than half an hour.

It read:

### **Intruder Alert! Lock 2 Triggered**

Another reaction to this notification was a gasp and George dropping his phone straight down on his face. Then, he looked towards the window. He walked over and closely inspected it, discovering that it was in fact unlocked and ajar. His muscles tensed up as he eyed the room. With George's mind racing he couldn't think of any places that this intruder would be. In horror he ran to the bathroom, locking himself in.

He slid his back against the bathroom door and stayed there for a while until he heard a creaking sound. Dream got out of the dresser and looked around the room that was now empty. "George not found." He thought to himself slightly amused. The door to the hotel room was still locked and there was no way he went out the window so he must have been in the bathroom calling the cops or something. At least that's what Dream thought until he saw George's phone left on the bed.

Dream smirked to himself before sauntering up to the door and knocking lightly which scared the shit out of George. George immediately moved himself away from the door and remained silent. Dream continued to knock louder and louder until he was practically banging on the door while occasionally trying to open the door handle just to give his target absolute hell. It was frightening how much Dream was enjoying this.

George's breath began to stifle which filled him with even more anxiety. "Is this it? Am I really going to die?" George thought to himself as shaky breaths barely even reached his lungs. He began to frantically search the bathroom for an exit. Then it hit him like a bus. There was a bathroom window that led to the outside. Without any hesitation he stood on the lid of the toilet seat to reach the window. He opened it and climbed through it with ease. All of his adrenaline kicked in as he looked down and he suddenly realized that he was at least five stories above the ground. Looking for a way to escape he saw a stairwell, which was most likely some sort of fire exit. He stepped onto the edge of the building and gazed anxiously at the space between him and the stairwell. There was roughly five feet or so between the two of them. After a while of staring at the staircase he gulped down his fear and jumped towards the stairwell anticipating the pain of impact he would feel when, *hopefully*, falling onto the cold metal of the stairwell.

Dream eventually stopped knocking as soon as he heard what seemed to be the sound of someone slamming against... metal? He pressed his ear against the door listening for any signs of breathing but instead he heard fast faraway footsteps of someone running on a steel stairs. A little annoyed at himself for not checking if there was an emergency staircase, he decided to break down the door.

George was down practically two flights of stairs when he heard the door crash against the bathroom floor which made him pause for a second and look up. He then continued down the stairs going as fast as he could. As soon as he reached the beginning of the last flight of stairs he heard a thud from one of the upper floors followed by more thumping. George peaks out to look up the stairs to see Dream basically leaping down sections of the stairs at a time. The madman started gaining George.

As soon as George finished running down the stairs he felt tired. Then, as soon as his body is begging him to rest his adrenaline kicks in once more hearing loud thumping echoing off of the metallic staircase. Without thinking he darted the opposite direction of where the valet parking employees were, and instead he ran towards the forest that led to the outskirts of both the town and the graveyard.

The hues of the sky had already shifted from a light pink to a dark midnight blue by the time George was running through the forest. It was dark and he could barely even see where he was going, but when the thumping of metal was replaced by fast steps running on dirt George started to run a hell of a lot faster to wherever he was headed.

After what felt like hours of running, George could see a distant graveyard. As he entered, the creeping fog of the eerie graveyard began to surround his feet. The more George ran past the unmarked graves, the higher the fog got.

George decided to stop and crouch in the fog to use it as a cover. He leaned his back up against a lone willow tree and did his best to recover from what had just happened. He couldn't see much around him besides the ominous fog and the coarse bark of the willow tree.

Before long he could hear the distant footsteps of his hunter soften and then stop. Leaving no trace of where he had gone or might be.

George had no idea where his hunter was.

## Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this chapter! I read all of the comments and this time I will definitely respond to all of you.

I am going to visit my brother since he is currently at his university so I might forget to update next week. but hopefully I won't. Once I get back I will do my best to upload at least once a week.

If you want to theorize or just talk to me you can reach me through Instagram at @mystic\_gardenz

## Chapter 3

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George's exhaustion caught up with him quickly as he struggled to breathe properly. He felt a tightening in his chest as he tried his best not to make a sound. Still filled with anxiety and fear, he attempted to calm down. He felt tired so George rested his eyes for what felt like a few seconds. It was almost as if his body was shutting itself momentarily.

George was awakened by the sound of a branch breaking and all of his trepidation rushed back to him. *He* was so close.

After a few more minutes of remaining silent he heard scratching on the lone willow tree behind him followed by a soft "Oh George~"

George practically jumped away from the tree and let out a yelp. But once he could properly see his hunter he started to scream. He did his best to get up and run off, but in his first attempt he tripped over his own feet, the next he tripped over one of the willows roots, and again on a tombstone. His breathing quickened as tears flooded his eyes before he even realized how close the figure had gotten to him. His hunter had only been walking towards him and he already caught up to him. Once the masked figure was within a few feet of him, George froze.

George had experienced sleep paralysis before and the situation seemed all too similar. Like sleep paralysis, he couldn't say nor do anything when his monster was right in front of him, except this time his monster was real.

Dream knelt down besides George and poked on his shoulder which made him flinch. "Well at least you're not dead." Dream said humoring himself and as George looked at his petrified. George's hunter sat down next to George, legs crossed as he rested his head on top of his two palms. "You seem like a smart guy George," he began to say, "and I am trusting you to make the right choice" The head of Dream's mask tilted to meet George's fear stricken eyes. "Do you want to do this the easy way or the hard way?"

George shut his eyes, expecting to have a quick and painless death to the hands of this serial killer. He could already imagine the headlines "World Famous Billionaire's Son Found Dead to the Hands of Dream" or "George Notfound gone missing?" He was snapped out of his messed up fantasies to hear his soon to be killer's voice. "Hello? Earth to Notfound" He cautiously opened his eyes to see Dream waving his gloved hand in front of George. "Are you going to get up and walk or should I tranquilize you instead?" Dream said, extending his hand. Frozen in shock George stared wide eyed at the tall figure who was now beginning to grow impatient. After a few seconds of

processing the situation, George shakily reached up to grab the figure's gloved hand.

George was quickly pulled up. His blood pressure lowered due to George getting up so fast. He felt lightheaded as his senses seemed to fail. The colors he saw mixed together and he began to feel as if he was spinning as his consciousness faded causing him to trip over himself once again. Dream sighed catching George in his arms. Great. Now he got to carry him bridal style for at least a miles worth of walking. "At least now he won't be able to run away."

Dream and what was left of George arrived at the rendezvous point Dream's sponsors had set up. To his surprise a small cruise like boat rode its way along the coast he was waiting on. Dream waved the boat over and carried George to where he would be staying for this boat ride.

When George awoke, his senses slowly began to come back to him. He was unable to see, but he could hear a conversation from outside of wherever George was. It was too abstruse to hear much of what was being said, but he recognized a voice that sent the memories of what happened at the hotel back to him. He struggled as he tried his best untie whatever sort of restraints that were attached to him. George stopped trying when he heard the clicking of a door unlocking. He held his breath as it opened and closed. The close sounds of footsteps flooded George's ear.

"Hello?" He said a little more nervous sounding then he intended.

"Hi" Dream said as he removed a black bandanna that had been wrapped around George's eyes.

George, finally being able to see again, looked at his surroundings. He was in a dark gray room with no windows, two dimmed lights, one door, and a serial killer. He felt like he was going to faint again.

His captor was a lot more visible to George now than the previous day. He wore the same, iconic, smiley faced mask as before, but was definitely wearing a different outfit. He wore a thin green hoodie that hugged his body and a black black jacket over it. He also had some sort of tool holster belt sprawled over his chest. He was wearing the same black gloves as yesterday. His pants looked like black jeans and he was wearing... converse? George should have figured that world renowned killers would wear converse. The clothes he was wearing looked a lot more casual than what George had thought they would be like.

"What do you want from me." George said in a stern tone more of a statement rather than a question.



Dream, a little shocked by the sudden change in attitude from the scared, trembling, hyperventilating guy in the forest to someone that sounded so serious, said “Me? *I* don’t want anything from you, but the people I’m working for do”

George wanted to ask so many more questions, but he refrained since his life was literally in the hands of a murderer. He thought back to those scenario videos he had seen on Youtube for what to do if you are kidnapped. What seemed to be the easiest option from what he remembered was to create some sort of emotional connection to your kidnapper so they will feel guilty if he tried to kill you. It sounds dumb, but its all he really had.

Dream looked at George seeing that the older one of the two was thinking hard about something. Could he already have gone insane or maybe be thinking of an escape plan? Now that Dream thinks about it George has been strangely calm compared to his mannerism when they first met. Is he not scared of Dream anymore? “Should I intimidate him or something?” he thought to himself. Before he could continue thinking he was cut off by George.

“So what’s your name?”

## Chapter End Notes

hello again! I would first like to apologize for not updating the story for like a month I just was pretty stressed out. In short summary this is basically what happened. I went on vacation to visit my brother which stressed me out so I tried to sleep away my problems which didn't work very well. I got back home and was stressed for like a week so I tried to do some self care which got me less stressed but I had still made no additional progress to the story. Had a very serious convo with my parents which did not end in my favor. Had my brother visit us. Went to a Muir Woods (look it up it is really nice) and twisted my ankle and got a nasty rug burn. Procrastinated on my story until present day. Reviewed a chapter, changed some word choices, and I'm back! SO that is my excuse and I hope this long break won't happen again. Thank you to everyone who commented it really does inspire me to keep going in both life and with this story. ily see you in the next chapter<3

## Chapter 4

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Of course George, ask a world renowned serial killer his name!” George thought, mentally noting to punch himself after he got out of his restraints.

“I’m Dream” He replied.

“Well I obviously know that, but like what’s your *real* name?”

“Um...” Dream didn’t want to tell George, his captive, his real name but something seemed so alluring to do so. He resisted the charm of the idea and instead just gave more information about the name he was comfortable going by.

“Well... Dream is basically a nickname that got out to the public because of my first job. The victim had a dream journal or something and I was written in there as if they knew I was going to kill them. The nickname has changed a few times but the word Dream has always been a part of it.”

“Oh that’s actually pretty interesting.” The British man said before starting to feel uncomfortable by the notion. He had never really thought of how the name Dream had really come to be. To be fair, he had never really thought about the assassin other than the time when he was running for his life. Of course Dream was quite famous but George often dismissed thinking about stories on the news.

“Well I am George, but I assume you already know that considering what happened yesterday.”

Chills ran down George’s back, while the remark earned a slight chuckle from Dream. The unsettling memory put the awkward tension back in the room.

“Where are you taking me?”

“A rendezvous spot”

George figured that Dream wasn't going to tell him, but talking was the only thing he could really do.

*Try to create an emotional connection* George reminded himself

There wasn't really much he could talk about. George hadn't memorized a million ice breakers so he would just have to wait until something popped into his mind.

"So how much?" George asked vaguely.

"Pardon?"

"How much are they paying you?"

"Why would you want to know?"

"Just curious. Who knows, maybe I could just pay you more to let me go now."

Dream thought about it for a second.

"If everything works out accordingly then about 10 mil"

A silence spread across the room as they both stared back at one another.

"I can do 9 million pounds"

"How much is that? 11 million?"

"Just under 12 million dollars."

Dream contemplated the situation. He could probably bargain for more, but how much money does he really need? Greed could really ruin a person.

“12 million clean.”

“Fine. I can get you the money through separate transactions, but it would take some time.”

Dream leaned down and kept one hand firmly on Georges chair, pushing it back ever so slightly, “And how do I know that you will actually pay me and won’t just run back to your family”

George could practically feel Dream’s breath as he loomed over the brunette. George’s heart was pounding so hard that it made it hard to focus on what to say.

Before George had the opportunity to speak, the door to the room burst open.

A male that was around the age of Dream and George had entered the room. He wore a black long sleeve with a white shirt over it with a flame design and had on black jeans. He also wore a white headband. He looked over to Dream and George, fake coughing into his arm.

The two of them blushed. Dream moved away from George.

“Sorry to interrupt what you two where doing,” He said, “but your captain has to make an announcement.”

Dream scoffed at the word “captain” as he rolled his eyes.

“We are having a change of course” The captain said in a more serious tone of voice.

“Wait. What do you mean, Sapnap”

“Bad said that we should head home since something...happened.”

“What happened? Was one of the islands compromised.”

“I hope that’s not the case.” Sapnap said tracing his words with concern.

“What about the rendezvous?”

“They already called it off.”

Dream took a deep breath doing his best to stay calm. Whatever happened had to be serious for everyone to just cancel.

“What about him?” Dream and Sapnap both turned to look at George

“I guess he is going with us.”

## Chapter End Notes

Sorry for such a short chapter but I figured ending at this point would be for the best. School just started for me this week so I might be busy. Knowing me I will probably ending up writing more consistently or something that shouldn't make sense.

## Chapter 5

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

After about a day of sailing they had reached the coast of their destination and were ready to disembark the ship.

Dream creaked the door open and peeked inside the room to see George sitting there asleep. The faint lights casted shadows from George's thin eyelashes resting on the brunette's face. His face was once again filled with liveliness rather than a ghostly pale Dream was so used to see. The barely audible breathing coming from the smaller male seemed so calm. He truly looked like he was truly at peace.

"Enjoying the view?" Sapnap whispered over Dream's shoulder.

Dream was caught completely off guard, almost falling. Thankfully Dream was still holding on to the door handle preventing him from both face planting in the ground and waking George up.

"Geez you okay dude?" Sapnap asked still in a whisper tone.

"Yeah I'm fine. It's just..." Dream's voice began to trail off. How could he have gotten so distracted? "N-Nothing"

Sapnap raised an eyebrow before looking over to George and then back at Dream.

"Oh~"

"Shut up Sapnap"

"Nonono! We are talking about your feelings." Sapnap whisper yelled.

"Sapnap this is ridiculous. What you are suggesting is absurd"

“And what exactly am I suggesting, wise one?”

“Sapnap I swear to god” Dream said whisper yelling, Irritation emphasized every word.

“Dream’s in love~”

Dream let out a sigh and re adjusted his mask. He could feel how red his face was.

“Can we just get off of the boat now?” Dream said calmly.

“Fiiiiine, but we are talking about his later. Also wake up sleeping beauty over there on your way out.”

Dream rolled his eyes at the statement before Sapnap walked away. Dream approached the brunette and placed his hand on one of the frail boy’s shoulders gently shaking him. After a few seconds the boy woke up with a look of confusion before reverting back to a ghostly pale. Dream hated it.

“It’s time to get going.” Dream said, backing away from George.

George looked down at his hands and then looked at Dream, wordlessly asking him to untie him.

After taking off George’s restraints, Dream led him to the door and prompted him to go first before saying, “Don’t try anything,” dead seriously.

All of the other rooms in the cruise ship looked relatively bland and pretty much the same, but the real beauty was past the exit doors of the boat.

When exiting the boat George’s eyes were met with a beautiful island. The grass was bright green (even though George couldn’t tell) and everything like it was carefully placed where it should be. The perfectly cut stones right next to the soft sand, the tropical flowers blooming on the grass covered hills, the faint sound of chirping birds and so many more things like the jungle vines and the gravel path. A perfect aesthetic of nature was right in front of him. The only words George could manage to say were “Wow.”

## Chapter End Notes

"Untie me Dream"

Sorry for the long wait just to upload a short chapter. I have been pretty busy with school and haven't had as much motivation to write since almost every weekend I have to do an eXtEnDeD wRiTing aSSIgHnMeNt.

In summary high school is painful and I am going to try and find more time to write this story and HOPEFULLY finish it by this year (I have plans for the next season/story in this au that I really want to get to).



## Chapter 6

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Yeah pretty cool right.” Sapnap said as he walked towards Dream and George.

“Where are we?” George asked once again examining the beautiful island now noticing butterflies and dragonflies whiz past him.

“Well we are on a tropical island that was discovered about 40 years ago by our relatives, but me and Dream refer to this place as home.”

George practically gawked at the view. He had never seen such a beautiful place in person.

“We should hurry and see what Bad wants.” Dream walked forward into the dense vines in front of them pushing them to the side for George and Sapnap to walk through. After 10 minutes of walking through the wilderness there was another wall of vines. When they pushed past these vines George could now see what looked like a small neighborhood built inside of an enclosed valley. There was a large bonfire pit in the center with benches surrounding it. Looking closer to the sides he could see several small living quarters built into the side of hills that created the enclosed valley.

On the other side of the pit George had noticed two people standing in front of a door. The first guy wore a mask similar to Dream's, but instead of a smiley face it had a different expression on it and was more square. It resembled an emoticon. The mask had two different colors on it that George could only assume were orange and green. That person wore a red hoodie with black stripes running across the stitching. The second figure that was closer to the doorway donned what looked like a black, hooded, cloak with red accents on it and a pair of glasses. He looked noticeably less intimidating.

The two of them appeared to have finished up their conversation when the second figure saw the three of them.

“Dream! Sap!” He said waving frantically with the brightest smile.

The second ran to the Sapnap and Dream to give them both quick hugs.

“I am so glad you guys are safe.” The cloaked man said, “Oh! And you are George, right?”

George responded with a slight nod of the head.

“Well, it’s nice to meet you George! My name is Bad.” Welp it seemed everyone around here had a strange name.

George faintly smiled.

“Oh and this is TapL!” Bad said gesturing to the other male George had seen.

TapL just turned his head to face the group.

“Come on guys let’s go talk inside”

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George assumed that Bad had some sort of authority over the rest of the people on the island considering that Bad had been the only one talking that whole time. He had a way with words that made you want to listen and not speak up. Or at least that is what George thought until he witnessed the biggest debate he’s ever seen.

“Bad are you serious!” Dream yelled loudly. George, Sapnap, and TapL all winced at the sound.

“We can’t just cut ties with them completely! What other company would be able to supply us like them?”

“If they give out our information we are all LITERALLY going to jail!”

“We have been with them for years, you muffinhead, there is no way they are going to turn on us!”

Their bickering went on for quite a while and George was beginning to zone out. He was sitting at a table where Dream and Bad sat across from each other and he, Sapnap and TapL all sat in a row.

George wondered what his family thought of his absence. His mom is probably worried sick, his dad would also be pretty worried by now. I mean, who would want the only future of their company stolen from them. Well at least they would get more publicity from this incident.

George was abruptly taken away from his thoughts at the sound of hands slamming on the table.

“Bad, listen to me. You are putting everyone here at risk. Let’s just cut ties with them now and if things work out for them they can just find one of the recruits in the fields to notify us, okay?”

Bad took in a deep breath.

“I’ll think about it.” He says after a few seconds.

Dream lets out a sigh of relief before looking over at George.

“So what are we doing about the current mission?”

Bad looks over to George and thinks for a second.

“Well, once the sponsor gets out of legal trouble they will probably want to go through with the deal. So...in the meantime he can just stay here with us.” Bad said, giving George a warm smile.

## Chapter End Notes

I was super busy this last week but I am glad I was able to upload another chapter even if this one was also pretty short. I really appreciate the support and comments I get from you guys so thank you! <3

(PS: I didn't have to much time to reread this chapter so sorry in advance if there are any mistakes. Feel free to comment them so I can change them rn I'm just tired)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!